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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Monsieur Paul.

From the Papers of the late I. Brown.

(Concluded.)

Two days passed in the affectionate intercourse of sisters with hardly an allusion to Monsieur Paul and Paulina's recent life; but on the third, Hedwig besought her sister to give her the history of the past two years. To understand it, it is only necessary to say, that Paulina was gifted by nature with a most powerful talent and a remarkable taste for music, which had been developed and strengthened, by her want of sight and being thrown upon it as almost her only resource for amusement, into the all-absorbing passion of her soul. But the means of the bath-house keeper were not sufficient to give her the instruction she needed, and thus she had been forced to depend upon her own taste and instinct for what progress she had made, except for the occasional hints from some kind-hearted musician who, after a bath, would devote a few moments to the blind girl.

"Stepmother was not cruel, you know, Hedwig," said she, "but she was so cold, and had no fine feelings, and did not care for music, and I had to knit, knit, knit all day long, for I could do nothing else but play a little, and I must do something, she said, to earn my bread. So not long after you married I was only allowed to play an hour or so in the morning and evening, and even then I had to play mostly pieces I had learned, because, as she said, the bath customers did not like to hear a person studying out new pieces from memory, and half the time all wrong. So I was very sad, and lonely, and unhappy. Steinberg used to come every Saturday to the bath——"

"Steinberg? who is Steinberg?" asked Mrs. Van Heid.

"Paul Steinberg, with whom I have been."

"Ah, so, Steinberg is the name then?"

"Why yes, to be sure; and every time he came he would play to me so beautifully—O, if you could hear him play! Then he began to come oftener; and he saw how unhappy I was; and how I longed to become a good player; and how my whole soul was wrapped up in music. One evening I was on the balcony, and he came and sat down by me and talked a long time about music; you have no idea, Hedwig, how he can talk about music! Father and stepmother had gone out to Moolit, and there we sat until almost ten o'clock. Just before he went away he said: 'Ah, my poor Pauline, if you could trust me and go with me, I could supply you with the best of teachers, and who knows but that you might become as wonderful a player as the blind Fraulein Paradies, who astonished all Europe fifty years ago.' And that was all he said then; but it put a new idea into my mind, and as I sat knitting hour after hour, with nothing to occupy my thoughts, and at the same time having such a hunger and thirst for music, his words would go

over and over in my poor little head, and I would build such beautiful air castles! When the weather and water grew warm enough for the great swimming baths, he came no more to the bath house, but sometimes, when little Carl led me out into the Thiergarten, where stepmother sent us often to be out of the way, as she said, and I sat in the shade knitting, and Carl played with other boys, he would come and sit by me, and tell me about the Paradies, and Leopoldine Blahetka, and Fraulein Bellville, and Clara Schumann, and other famous women, pianistes. He explained to me how much I had to learn and unlearn before I should be able to extemporize properly; and at other times described the wonderful music which they performed in the great concerts, oratorios and symphonies and concertos, where you know we never had money to go. I used to pray father to take me to Liebig's concerts, and he did a few times, and there I heard some of Beethoven's and Mozart's Symphonies. They made me crazy. Then came a long rain storm, and for more than two weeks I did not go into the Thiergarten. Stepmother was ungracious, and I felt so unhappy and so helpless, that I would sit and cry, and that made her worse. It is dreadful to be a poor blind girl, and useless to everybody. But the glad sun came again and one morning stepmother said to me: 'Get you out into the Thiergarten again, and bring home a pleasant face.' Carl led me to one of the benches by the Goldfish pond and left me to my knitting and my thoughts. I knew his step, Hedwig, among a thousand, and it was as if the warm sun shone all through and through me, when he came and said: 'So, here is my little friend, Pauline, once more,' and sat down by my side. After talking some time he told me he was going away to England. Then I dropped my knitting and trembled all over. And when he went on to say that he very much needed some one to go with him to play the pianoforte, for he was to give public exhibitions, then I trembled all the more. At last he spoke very seriously and earnestly, and told me if I would go with him, he would be father and brother to me, that I should never know want, should always have the best music, have the best instruction money could get, everything that, with my simple tastes, my heart could wish. 'But I cannot go with you alone,' said I. 'Certainly not,' said he, and leaving me a few minutes, he returned with old Gretel, the very old Gretel now here, and as soon as I heard her kind voice, and felt the warmth and kindly pressure of her hard hand, I knew I could trust her. When it was time to go home, he said: 'and you will go with us, Pauline?' 'Yes,' said I. Then he took my hands in his, and said solemnly: 'God do so to me, and more also, if ever harm come to you through me!'"

"Has no harm come to you, my sister?" asked Mrs. Van Heid. Something in the tone with which this was said struck the blind girl.

"What do you mean, Hedwig, what do you mean?"

Mrs. Van Heid did not press the question, but turned it.

"Have you always been happy? no misfortune, no harm come to you?" said she.

"Nobody could be happier! But you have interrupted my story."

The substance of the remainder of Pauline's story was this: A few evenings after this interview in the Thiergarten, Steinberg received Pauline from the balcony into a boat, crossed the river, and putting her into a carriage with old Gretel, left Berlin. By driving to a small unimportant station upon the railroad, and by taking tickets for only short distances in the way trains, and, some miles from the boundary, leaving the railroad altogether, Mons. Paul succeeded in avoiding the passport officers, and getting his companions upon a vessel bound for Hull. During more than a year's stay in England, the party was alternately in London and in the country. In London Pauline was instructed by the best teachers and heard music, as had been promised her. In the country she played at Steinberg's exhibitions and proved a great attraction. Meantime he had devised a plan for adding an entirely new feature to them. To this end he had paid particular attention to the cultivation of Pauline's talent for extemporaneous playing, and in the selection of pieces which she committed to memory he had always this end in view.

"After rather more than a year had passed," continued Pauline, "he began to talk of coming to America. In America, he said, I should not have to play in public, but in my own room, for he had devised a plan by which it would sound to the audience just the same. The only difficulty was how to let me know when and what to play, and when I extemporized to know what character to give my improvisations. On this we worked a long time. I remember we were in a cottage near Hampstead—by London, you know—once for six weeks, and hardly went out of the house, we were so busy upon this. But we conquered at last."

"And how was it finally done?" asked Mrs. Van Heid.

"You must ask him about that, it is his secret, I have no right to tell. So at last all was ready and we came to New York."

"But why have you never sought us out?" asked her sister.

"I don't know," returned Pauline. "Perhaps he did not know where you lived, or was not yet ready; he used to speak of you sometimes. I don't know."

Whether it was wise just then to have caused Pauline thus to dwell upon the last two years, is a question. But thus vividly recalled to mind, it was clear that Pauline began to banish her newly found sister from her thoughts. She became restless and uneasy. The pianoforte ceased to have charms for her, and before the week was out, the change in her became very apparent. To her sister she made no allusion to Paul—or

Steinberg, rather—but with old Gretel, she would talk of him and of the scenes through which they had passed, or sit alone buried in thought, yet with that listening expression which is so common on the faces of the blind, who can only perceive the approach of friends through the sense of hearing. At the end of a fortnight we began to feel anxious about her. Van Heid shook his head, wished that Paul would make known his whereabouts—"for," said he, "this will never do, the girl is in love with him, and will go crazy at this rate."

But Paul came not, wrote not, gave us no hint. His transparency disappeared with the departure of Pauline, and his premises were advertised to let. We may have met him a dozen times in the street, but without his false beard, in a different dress, and with his hat on, how could we know him?

I was at my desk in the office one evening, busied in the mountain of "exchanges" which a dozen mail routes had brought from all points of the compass, when Van Heid came in and laid a letter in German before me. It was from Steinberg. It was short and respectful, simply asking permission to call at his house next morning at ten o'clock to see him, and closing with an urgent request that he would not mention his coming, nor even hint at it to any member of his family.

"What answer have you sent?" I asked.

"What could I, under the circumstances, but that I would receive him with great pleasure, and that I saw no reason to refuse his request for secrecy? Now, my dear Brown, I want you to be there, if you can. Suppose you drop in *accidentally*, half an hour before, and I think it would be well if you could manage to bring up the Professor's daughter with you."

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure."

Next morning, on my way up town, I stepped in at the Professor's, and the young lady at once accepted my invitation to make a call with me upon our friends, the Van Heids. Van was busy writing in his library, and we sat chatting with his wife, by the back windows of the parlor which opened out upon a few square feet of garden. Poor Pauline, the change in whose appearance was very striking, sat sad and silent a little apart. Precisely at the hour a carriage drove up to the house, and the servant immediately afterward showed some one into the library.

"Some one must have important business with Heinrich," said Mrs. Van Heid, "not to wait for him at the store. One of his partners, perhaps."

Pauline knew better. I, only, sat so as to watch the expression of her face, but I saw that she recognized the footstep; and the faint murmur of men's voices, which came to our ears, was sufficient for her sensitive organ to recognize the different speakers with absolute certainty. She sat perfectly still, with her lips a little apart, her ear turned in the direction of the library, pale as marble. Meantime, utterly unconscious that the "moment was big with fate," the young women chatted on, I occasionally throwing in a word to keep their thoughts occupied and their attention away from Paulina.

Some fifteen minutes passed and we heard the gentlemen leave the library. Pauline pressed her hands together, but sat just so silent, a shade paler, if that was possible.

"There goes Heinrich's visitor," said Mrs. Van Heid. "Now they are stopping at the door,

having as many 'last words and dying speeches' as Heinrich laughs at you and me so about. I declare they are coming into the parlor, and I certainly am not fit to see a stranger. What does Heinrich mean?"

Van Heid opened the door and ushered a fine looking young man of some thirty years into the room—

"Herr Paul Steinberg."

Steinberg silently bowed, and we, except Pauline, rose and also in silence bowed in return. He merely glanced at us and fixed his eyes upon the blind girl, whose agitation was piteous to see. But in his eyes we all read that he deeply, passionately returned her love.

"Paulinchen!" was the first word he spoke, and it came from his lips lingeringly, invitingly, as only such a German word can.

Paulina turned restlessly from side to side, pressed her hands to her temples, then to her breast, as if to prevent its bursting, but said not a word.

"Paulinchen!" Then another moment of hesitation, a short panting sigh, almost a gasp, as if for air, and she sprang across the room and silently threw herself upon his bosom. He drew his right arm about her, smoothed back the curls from her fair forehead with the other hand, and looked into her sightless eyes with a whole world of proud, triumphant love and tender affection in his own. How proud and noble he looked!

Of course the two women began to cry—they always will, you know, in such cases—and, if the truth must be told, Van and I felt a little spooney ourselves, just for sympathy. At last Monsieur Paul looked round upon us again.

"I appeal to you all; has not Pauline here, in my arms, found her *home*? When I first saw her," added he, after a pause, "she was unhappy. I promised to make her happy. Have I not done so? And, Madam, is she not as pure and innocent as when you last saw her?"

"That she is," sobbed Mrs. Van Heid.

"Originally my only object was—I am now ashamed and sad to confess it"—and the expression of his face corroborated his words—"to make a speculation of her talents. But I have learned to love her as my own soul, and would gladly have her with me forever."

After another pause, no one speaking, he continued; "I have taken berths in the California steamship, which sails this afternoon, for myself and wife and her companion."

At the word wife, Pauline uttered a cry and shrank from his breast; he smiled, pressed her more closely to himself, and said:

"Fear nothing, Paulinchen, if you do not occupy my wife's berth, it will remain empty. Then addressing Mrs. Van Heid again, he said: "Your husband, Madam, knows my pecuniary resources and is satisfied. Is there any reason why I should not become the legal protector of this dear child?"

There could be none.

"Wilt thou go with me, Paulinchen?"

"If I do not, I shall die."

Well, it was of no use to struggle against it—I suppose it was because I was ill and my nervous system sadly weakened—but I dropped into a chair and wept like an old fool. Van threw open a shutter and beckoned, whereupon some one left the carriage and soon entered the room. The stranger was introduced to us as a magistrate,

and in a few minutes, in presence of us as witnesses, Monsieur Paul and the creator of his Mysterious Music became husband and wife.

During the few hours which remained before we bade them farewell on board the steamship, the good impressions which Steinberg had at first made upon us, were strengthened to a marvellous degree. Of the vast flood of talk which filled those hours, I record these few words:—

"But how young you look!" said Mrs. van Heid, "I thought on that evening you were a man of fifty."

"Why, you would not have a sorcerer appear like a young fellow, would you, when a big beard and a little making up is all that is necessary to make him as imposing as one of Belshazzar's magicians?"

"Do you know you have to answer for a great deal of disturbed sleep, and a great many horrid dreams since that evening?" returned she.

"I am sorry to hear that—but it is rather a compliment, too. The truth is that I half suspected you to be Pauline's sister from a certain family resemblance which my eye caught as it first fell upon your party. I am quite unable to explain what motive I had, but I felt curious to see how strong a power I could exert over your imagination, and exerted my utmost skill in acting my part, and in the selection of pieces for Pauline to play. I am sorry it turned out so unluckily for you—and for the Sorcerer—perhaps not, though, for the lover—ah, Paulinchen?"

"But how could you inform Paulina so exactly what you wished her to play?"

"Married people have a right to their own secrets haven't they, Paulinchen? and that is ours," he replied with a smile.

Before I left New York to bring my poor worn out body to Hildale, to die in the house of my fathers, I went over to Staten Island to spend a few days with my friends, the Van Heids, who had removed thither. One evening, as Van came in from the city, he handed a small package to his wife. She opened it and found a box. In the box, packed in cotton, was an exquisitely wrought cup of gold, on which was inscribed in German: "Pauline to Hedwig."

"Have you no letters?"

"Yes, Steinberg writes that he has gone into business, and is making money hand over hand. San Francisco, he says, is the place for that, and he advises me to come and join him, but I think, Hedwig, New York is good enough for us."

"But Heinrich, is there nothing for me?"

"What an insatiable, Hedwig, this! Is not the cup enough? Let us see if we can find anything in my pocketbook."

He opened it and handed his wife a small slip of paper, on which was written in pencil, in the large irregular characters of a blind person:—

"Theure, liebe Hedwig—du kannst es nicht denken—ich bin so glücklich."

Deine Pauline.

Dear beloved Hedwig, thou canst not imagine it—I am so happy. Thy Pauline.

NOTE. The following passage from "Zamminer: Die Musik und die Musikalische Instrumenten," &c. &c. Svo. Gießen. 1855, translated from p. 83—a work which has appeared since the death of my friend Brown—will explain the scientific principle on which Mons. Paul based his mysterious music.

"The main body of tone in the pianoforte, as in all string instruments, proceeds from the sounding board. No more direct proof of this could be imagined than that which Pellissier has given. All the strings with the bridge of a grand pianoforte, were taken out of the instrument and strung in a perpendicular position upon the wall of a room. By means of an



action like that of an upright pianoforte, they were put in vibration. A strip of pine board was carried through the wall from the bridge to the sounding board of the grand pianoforte in another room. Here we heard the music in full tones, while the performer himself was sensible of but a gentle, hardly audible, buzzing of the strings."

A. W. T.

## The Gypsies and their Music in Hungary.

[Des Bohémiens, &c.]. By Franz Liszt. (Librairie Nouvelle.)

There is no want of poetical thought and curious matter in this book; but for this the name of the author has already prepared the reader. Both, however, are interfered with in some degree by the style of Dr. Liszt: which to many persons will be all but insurmountable as a barrier. This shows that desire to be original and rhetorical, which is common enough in our days of epithet and color-pennmanship; but it is wrought out by its possessor in a sort of debatable phraseology, which is neither that of French, nor of German florid writing. Any equivalent in the form of translation or paraphrase would be simply impossible: so many are the neologisms, so curiously are they applied and combined. But in the subject and its treatment we do not find affectation, so much as sincerity, and coherence with all that Dr. Liszt has done and recommended for years past. He writes lovingly, and with full knowledge of Gypsy (*Bohemian*) music; though, possibly, it may seem to him like flat pedantry to say, that he writes in the intimacy of self-knowledge. So far as Art goes, he is one of the brotherhood—a King and ruler among them. It is true that he has culture besides memory, and limitless genius as an executant; but he belongs to the tribe nevertheless, in his mistaking protest against form and order, theoretical and practical, for invention or progress. No such profound musician has ever committed on paper such wild things by way of music, as the generous, magnificent, boundlessly-accomplished and paradoxical *Maestro* of Weimar. No player has ever electrified so many audiences by what is good and what is bad in exhibition—no one has ever influenced a larger congregation of enthusiastic men, younger and less gifted than himself—why must we add, to less purpose?

Proof of what has been said will be found in nineteen-twentieths of this strange book, made up, as they are, of rhapsodies without distinctness; of definitions which just fail to probe to the very heart of the matter to be defined; of descriptions so overlaid with ornament and epithet, that the scene described is smothered thereby. The book, further, loses in freshness, and gains in apparent affectation, by the perpetual use of the "we"—a royal privilege, an editorial necessity (more's the pity!); but, in an author, giving an impression of pomposity or affectation, which to the English is not attractive. Yet, after all these harsh truths have been told, we must add, that the twentieth of good pages in this book is very good, because new in matter. Here, for instance, is the adventure of a concert-giver, born a Hungarian, of peasant origin, but ennobled, as rightful recompense of his genius, in his own country, as Dr. Liszt has been. It is condensed and paraphrased—literal translation being impossible—with the plural pronoun changed for the singular one:—

"At Paris, one day, when I was not thinking the least in the world about the Gypsies, Count Sandor Teleky came in one morning, followed by a lad about twelve years of age, in a hussar jacket, with trousers laced on every seam; swarthy in complexion, with hair in a state of nature, a bold look—as arrogant an expression of countenance as if he could give the greatest kings the go-by—and a violin in his hand. "Here," said the Count, pushing him by the shoulders towards me, "I bring you a present." Great was the astonishment which this announcement, so odd to French ears, created among my guests, M. Thalberg in particular. Nor was I less surprised; for I had not for a long time thought of a wish I had often expressed when in Hungary of finding a young gypsy with a talent for the violin, capable of receiving education. The Count had left orders on his estates, when leaving his country, that if a youngster answering such a description could be found he should forthwith be forwarded to Paris; and the mischievous creature whom he presented to me had been discovered and forwarded in fulfilment of his order,—having been bought from his parents for that purpose. I kept the boy with me: it was interesting to watch his humors and instincts in a world so new to him. Insolent vanity in every form was the prevailing ingredient in his nature. To steal out of greediness,—to make love to all the women—to break everything, of which he did not understand the structure, were rather inconvenient propensities, though natural enough, and which ought to have corrected themselves; but there was no coming to an end of them, for when they were repressed in one place they broke

out in another. Josy presently became a little lion in the circle of my acquaintances, who repaid his playing in private pretty handsomely. Having thus some money of his own, he began to fling it about with prodigal indifference of the first quality. He took his person in hand, as the matter of first importance, with a coquetry past belief—set himself up with canes, fine breast-pins, chains. No cravat or waistcoat could be too showy for him—no hair-dresser too good to curl and keep his head in order. There was one heavy sorrow—his complexion,—so brown, so yellow, when compared with that of other people. He imagined that he might bring himself to their tone by the frequent use of soap and perfumery, of which he bought quantities: would go into the dearest shops—inquire for what he thought would answer best, and fling down on the counters his five-franc pieces—quite too great a gentleman to wish to receive change. On leaving Paris for Spain, I handed him over to M. Massart, Professor of the Violin, at the *Conservatoire*, who undertook to superintend his musical and his moral education. The accounts too well justified every presage that my plan of adoption was a failure. He had the most insurmountable contempt for everything he did not know; and, without daring to own it, he was at heart persuaded of his superiority to every one about him—attaching importance to nothing, save to his own violin, his own pleasures, his own music. When he was put to study, the report was that his stubborn disobedience outdid every thing of the kind with which his masters had ever before dealt. In due course of time, I heard that Josy grew, but did not change—that he made no progress, that there was nothing to be done with him. Being a little partial to him, however, I found some proof of application in the zigzag scrawls of letters, full of Oriental exaggeration, which he wrote me. When I was going to Strasburg, I sent for him to meet me there. On arriving, I had forgotten that he might be there the first; and when on leaving the station, I found myself almost stifled in the embrace of a stranger, it was a while before I could recognize my little gypsy—the wild-creature from the *Steppes*—in the tall and handsome young man, dressed in the Parisian fashion. The hooked nose, the Asiatic eyes, and the dark skin of Josy, however, had resisted every cosmetic of France, and were the same as ever. So was he, too; for in answer to my first exclamation of surprise—"Why, here you are, grown a gentleman!" he answered, coolly, with the grand air of a Hidalgo, "It is because I am one." Unwilling entirely to give the matter up, I imagined, that perhaps, in some place nearer to woods and fields, it might be easier to exercise some influence over him; accordingly I placed him in Germany, at the edge of the Black Forest, with an excellent musician, Herr Stern—at present chapel-violinist to the Prince of Hohenzollern. Some time after that, when I was at Vienna, I heard of a new company of Gypsy musicians which had arrived, and one day went, with some friends, to the *Zeisig* inn, to see what they were worth. Not one of us had the slightest idea of finding a face we knew; we were surprised, therefore, at the agitation which our entrance obviously excited. Suddenly a young, clean-limbed fellow rushed out of the troop and fell on his knees, embracing mine with the most passionate pantomime. In the twinkling of an eye, the whole party was upon me, without further prelude, kissing my hands eagerly, stifling me with bursts of gratitude, so that I had some trouble in making out that their leader was Josy's elder brother, who had already been making inquiries from my servant, and who, sobbing with gratitude as he was, could not resist, though timidly, expressing his desire to see Josy, and to have him among them again. Having no reason to be satisfied with the report from Germany, and despairing of ever making a trained artist of him, I sent for him to Vienna, in order that he might join his own people, if he wished to do so. When he saw them again, his rapture was without bounds:—he seemed ready to go mad with it. No sooner were they reunited, than Josy and the troop disappeared entirely, and left the town to exhibit the lost child to the father of the tribe. On his return, Josy was more intolerable than ever, and finished by entreating me, with the most violent demonstrations of gratitude, to let him return to the horde, at once and for ever. So we parted, after his purse had been once again furnished with a little sum, instantaneously spent in a monster orgy to which he treated his comrades, in addition to the farewell party which I gave them. I have not an idea what has become of this intractable scholar."

There is somewhere or other a fable of the East Wind being sent to school to the North Wind—of which the above reminiscence reminds us. Perhaps Dr. Liszt, gifted and clear-sighted as he is, is not the artist among artists the best fitted to adopt, and regulate the proceedings of a semi-savage prodigy.

Some account of the peculiarities of the national Gypsy music of Hungary is given; but its peculiarities defy definition on paper. Some of them, in a regulated form, will be found in Schubert's well-known duet *Divertissement*, and in the March by the same arranger, which Dr. Liszt re-arranged, and used to play so wonderfully. Beethoven, too, who was in himself too original frequently to try for character in other styles, gave one delicious example of music à la Hongroise in the chorus of female voices in 'King Stephen' (his 'Turkish March' in the 'Ruins of Athens' being the only other effort of the kind we remember). Weber, again, had a touch at the Gypsies in 'Preciosa.' From these examples the student may derive some "inklings" of a few popular characteristics, if even he be too solemn and classical to disdain Herr Ernst's well-known 'Fantasia' on Hungarian National Airs; or (still more)—Dr. Liszt's 'Rhapsodies' (to which we have already adverted), which last may be asserted as nearer the wild than any tame or semi-tame music before the public.

A name or two may be mentioned ere closing this notice—beginning with that of Tinody Stephens, who published a collection of Hungarian tunes so long ago as 1754, at Klausenberg. Then, among famous executants, we are told of Michael Barna, who (like Corelli, in the service of Cardinal Otoboni) had his patron Cardinal too, in Cardinal Csaky. The Hungarian Cardinal had a full-length portrait of his household violinist painted, and it is to be seen in the Palace of Radkan, county of Lips, even unto this day. A great gypsy violin-player who flourished in the year 1772, was Csinka Panna; a woman, we are assured, of good morals as well as of bright musical intelligence,—who was the head of a family orchestra,—who, albeit she lived under tents in the summer weather, had a winter-house of her own by the River Sahajo, and who was so much respected by the "roof people" that when she died great was their sorrow, and many were the verses written in Latin and Hungarian to commemorate her. Next we come to John Bihary, who seems to have been "the highest expression" of the gypsy virtuoso,—a brilliant player, courted at all the Courts and royally repaid for his playing:—a man as impudent as an Italian *tenore* of the worst class. Bihary lived in our own time, for he gave a performance before Maria Louisa in 1814, and there made himself so remarkable by his undisguised admiration of one of the Imperial Princesses present, that his hostess found it necessary to rebuke his audacious eyes. The violinist was called up, and was asked if he was a married man. His answer was "Yes;" and that his wife was with him in Vienna. On this he was bidden to present her forthwith—Bihary's wife was sent for on the spot. A striking looking and still young woman, magnificently attired in the gypsy dress, was brought. On receiving her, the Empress said to Bihary, that since Heaven had given him so beautiful and faithful a helpmate, he was inexcusable in being so sensitive to the beauty of any Princess:—recommended to him more propriety for the future,—and after paying marked compliments to Eve (Bihary's wife), caused fifty ducats to be given to her, and sent the pair home in one of the Court-carriages. A second anecdote concerning Bihary is little less characteristic of manners. About the year 1824 a carriage accident disabled him for life. With true gypsy improvidence he had laid by nothing for a rainy day; and could hardly toil through the least important part in the band of which he had been the king. In this fallen estate it chanced that he fell in at a tavern with some Hungarian noblemen, who had known him in his days of Court splendor and insolence. He was prevailed on to play slowly one or two of the very easy pieces of national music which he had yet power to master. His arm was soon tired. On his stopping, one of his princely auditors bound it up in bank-notes. Bihary died in 1827.

Two names of men celebrated in Gypsy music are Lavatta and Czernak. Of the latter we have a curiously-inflated eulogy, contributed by Count Stephen Fay, in a letter to Dr. Liszt,—little worth sifting. Lastly, we are assured, on the authority of our author, that we have in London—may we not say that our Sovereign has in her Court band?—a national Hungarian musician, who, though not *Romany* by birth (any more than Dr. Liszt), possesses the secret, the tradition, the experience of, and the enthusiasm for, the Gypsy music—so picturesquely extolled here—in perfection. As Dr. Liszt names M. Réményi; others may do so without indelicacy; and if it be, as the gifted writer, from whom we now part, says,—that M. Réményi's imperfect sympathies for classical music are as well known as his ambition it would be especially pleasant to those who have blamed him to spell back their blame, and cordially to acknowledge the value and freshness of a new sensation, which, we

are assured, on Dr. Liszt's authority, our inmate could afford to all lovers of wild national music.—*London Athenæum.*

### Reminiscences of the New York Academy of Music.

'Porter's Spirit of the Times,' under its new management, pays more attention to musical matters than would be expected from its peculiar speciality in journalism. From a recent number we extract the following chit-chat about the Fourteenth Street Opera house, New York:

The Academy of Music has already made its mark in the musical history of this country. Although but five years old, it has done noble service in the cause of Music, and a few statistics may not be uninteresting to the readers of this column. In the first place, we would therefore give a list of the various principal singers that have sung within its walls since the opening night, October 2, 1854. Here, then, is the long string of Italian names:

*Soprano:* Grisi, Parodi, Laborde, Gazzaniga, Piccolomini, Cortesi, Hensler, Bertucca-Martezek, La Grange, Colson, Alaimo, De Wilhorst, Ghieni, Donovani, Behrend, Steffanoni, De Vries, Frezzolini, Richings, Gassier, Poinset.

*Contralto:* D'Angri, Didier, Vestrali, Phillips, Aldini, Patti-Strakosch, Vietti-Vertiprach, Ventaldi, D'Ormy.

*Tenor:* Mario, Brignoli, Bolcioni, Lorini, Mirate, Salviani, Bignardi, Labocetta, Tiberini, Ceresu, Quint, Perring, Arnoldi, Stefani, Sbriglia, Tamaro, Squires, Fabricatore.

*Baritone:* Badiali, Barili, Morelli, Amodio, Taffanelli, Bernardi, Gassier, Arduvani, Florenza.

*Bass:* Lorini, Rocco, Rovere, Formes, Coletti, Marini, Gasparoni, Caspani, Morino, N. Barili, Susini.

This list includes a great variety of singers, and probably all those who have taken the leading parts on the Fourteenth-street Opera House stage. Some are good, and others wretchedly bad. Several appeared only once or twice, singing as temporary substitutes, or else coming out preceded by puff, and making miserable failures. There was Signor Carlo Jacopi who sang once—just once too often. There was Mr. Perring, who made a too ambitious attempt, and barely saved himself from failure—Miss Hensler, Miss Behrend, Ghieni, and some few others, who were but second-rate singers; and there was Alaimo, a broken down prima donna, who sang here only once, but is doing quite well in the provinces. It is somewhat curious to note what has become of these various artists. Grisi, Mario, and Tiberini are in Spain; Laborde and Poinset at Milan; Parodi, Alaimo, Gazzaniga, Cortesi, Bertucca, Colson, Frezzolini, the Gassiers, Phillips, Aldini, Brignoli, Lorini, Stefani, Ceresu, Tamaro, Quint, Perring, Sbriglia, Arduvani, Morelli, Coletti, are in this country; D'Angri, Didier, Vestrali, and Badiali, are in Paris; Mirate, and La Grange are in Brazil, and the others have dispersed, we know not where—while Miss Behrend died, a few months ago, in Vienna.

The following list of operas includes all that have been performed at the Academy of Music, since its opening, viz.: *Norma*, *Puritani*, *Sonnambula*, by Bellini; *Lucresia Borgia*, *Favorita*, *Don Pasquale*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Poliuto*, *Child of the Regiment*, by Donizetti; *Rigoletto*, *Trovatore*, *Ernani*, *Louisa Miller*, *Traviata*, by Verdi; *Semiramide*, *Otello*, *Italiana in Algeria*, *William Tell*, *Il Barbiere*, by Rossini; *Massaniello*, by Auber; *Don Giovanni*, *Nozze di Figaro*, by Mozart; *The Prophet*, *Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable* and *Etoile du Nord*, by Meyerbeer; *La Spia*, by Arditi; *Martha*, by Flotow; *Der Freyschütz*, by Weber; *La Zingara*, by Balfe; *Saffo*, by Pacini; *Sera Padrona*, by Paisiello—making in all thirty-two different operas, of which Donizetti wrote eight, and Verdi five. Verdi's operas have, however, been given on the greatest number of nights.

In addition to these remarks, we would add the following statistics from the *Evening Post*, on the same subject:

"Our Academy of Music, by the way, is now almost a historical building as regards the progress of music in this city. Some of the principal events in the career of the Fourteenth-street Opera House may be briefly alluded to as follows: October 2, 1854, the building was opened with *Norma*, sung by Grisi, Mario, Donovani and Susini. The attendance was very slim for an opening night, but this was chiefly owing to the very high prices of admission. December 25, 1854, first oratorio at the Academy of Music, Handel's *Messiah*, the best performance of it ever given in New York. Miss Brainard, Vietti-Vertiprach and

Badiali, took the principal solos. February 19, 1855, Verdi's *Rigoletto*, produced for the first time in America, by Mrs. Maretzek, Mrs. Strakosch, Bolcioni, the tenor, and Barili, the baritone. March 19, 1855, Steffanoni sang for the first time at the Academy; the opera was *Favorita*. April 11, 1855, Rossini's *William Tell* was first produced here by Steffanoni, Bertucca, Bolcioni, Badiali, Coletti, Rocco, and Vietti. This opera had a most brilliant run, the Academy being crowded for many nights. May 2, 1855, Verdi's *Trovatore*, the most popular opera ever played in this country, was first produced here by Steffanoni, Vestrali, Brignoli, Amodio, and Rocco. It was immensely successful. May 17, 1855, La Grange made her debut at the Academy, having sung before at Niblo's. June 16, 1855, Miss Hensler made her debut in *Linda*. November 5, 1855, Meyerbeer's *Prophete* produced for the first time in this country, by La Grange, Hensler, Salviani, Morelli, Amodio, and Gasparoni. The opera, though superbly put on the stage, did not meet the success it deserved. *Fides* must be considered the greatest personation of the versatile La Grange. March 24, 1856, Arditi's *Spia*, the only opera written expressly for our Academy of Music, was produced by La Grange, Hensler, Brignoli, and Morelli. It was a superior work, and should have been received with greater favor than was awarded it. The scenery was remarkably fine, and has not been surpassed in this opera house. May 10, 1856, La Grange sang in German, in Weber's *Freischütz*, poorly supported. May 23, 1856, Verdi's *Luisa Miller* produced at the Academy by La Grange, D'Ormy, Bolcioni, and Badiali. It never took with our public. Sept. 24, 1856, Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*, produced by La Grange, Bertucca, Brignoli, Amodio and Coletti. It was successful. December 3, 1856, Verdi's *Traviata*, produced by La Grange, Brignoli and Amodio. Its success has never been surpassed by that of any other opera performed in this country. January 28, 1857, Cora de Wilhorst made her debut in *Lucia*. May 18, 1857, the memorable and only appearance of Signor Carlo Jacopi. November 2, 1857, D'Angri made her debut here in opera, as Arsace in *Semiramide*. September 1, 1857, Frezzolini made her debut here in *Sonnambula*. November 30, 1857, Carl Formes made his debut here in *Robert le Diable*. March 8, 1858, Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was produced in splendid style by La Grange, D'Angri, Tiberini, Gassier and Carl Formes. August 30, 1858, Madame Gassier made her debut here in *Sonnambula*. October 20, 1858, Piccolomini's first appearance in *Traviata*. Debut of Florenza, the baritone. December 4, 1858, debut of Poinset in the *Huguenots*. May 25, 1859, Donizetti's *Poliuto* produced by Piccolomini, Brignoli and Amodio. June 2, 1859, debut of Cortesi in *Saffo*.

"These were probably the most interesting events in the five years' life of the Fourteenth-street opera house. No similar building in this country can boast of such a list of great singers as has been heard within its walls. Among the *prime donne* may be mentioned Grisi, Bertucca, Steffanoni, Lagrange, Vestrali, De Vries, Parodi, Gazzaniga, Frezzolini, Poinset, Laborde, Piccolomini and Colson. Of these, La Grange sang the most frequently, and the greatest variety of roles. Other singers have surpassed her in their particular styles, but none ever exhibited such versatility, or retained a longer popularity with New York opera-goers than did this gifted and conscientious artist."

### Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 204.)

No. 37.

Mozart the Elder to M. Hagenauer, —(Continued.)

Vienna, September 24, 1768.

To defend myself from all this chit-chat, I made my son play the whole opera on the harpsichord at the young Baron Von Swieten's, in the presence of the Comte de Sporek, the Duc de Braganze, and other connoisseurs. All were astonished in the highest degree at the pretext put forward by Affligio and the singers. All were shocked, and declared unanimously that proceedings so unchristian-like, so false, so wicked, were inconceivable; that they preferred this opera to many an Italian one, and that it was evident that, instead of encouraging so divine a talent, there was a cabal formed to cut off from this innocent child the road to honor and happiness.

I called on the manager to learn the true state of things. He told me that he had never been opposed to the representation of the opera, but that I could not be angry at his thinking of his own interest; that people had inspired him with doubts as to the success of the piece; that he had had *La Cuschina* played; that he wished to give *La Buona Figliola*; and after that he would give the opera of the child; and if this

latter did not succeed as he wished it, at least he should be provided with two operas to fall back upon. I spoke of my long sojourn, which would thus be farther prolonged. "Eh! good heavens!" said he, "what matters eight days, more or less? That time over, I commence your affair." We left at this point.

The airs for Carattoli were changed; all was arranged with Caribaldi, as well as with Poggi and Laschi. Each one told me in private that they had nothing to say against it, that all now depended solely on Affligio. More than four weeks thus passed. The copyist told me that he had not yet received orders to recopy the airs that had been altered; and as I learned, during the rehearsals of *La Buona Figliola*, that Affligio had the intention to commence the *mise-en-scène* of a third opera, I again addressed myself to him, upon which he gave, in my presence and also in that of the poet Coltellini, orders to the copyist to have all finished in two days, so that the opera could be in rehearsal with the orchestra at the least in ten days.

Unfortunately the enemies of my child, whoever they are, carried the day once more. The same day the copyist received orders to leave off; and some days afterwards I heard that Affligio was determined to put aside the child's opera. I wished to ascertain the truth of this. I went to him, and received this answer: "I called together all the musicians; they acknowledged that the opera was incomparably well written, but not at all dramatic, and that thus they could not execute it." This speech was incomprehensible to me. How could the singers, without blushing for shame, thus run down that which a short time before they had cried up to the skies, in encouraging the young composer, and in recommending the work to Affligio? I told the latter that he could not expect this young child to have undertaken so great a work for nothing. I recalled our agreement to him—I made him understand that he had been deceiving us for four months—that he had led us into expenses of more than 140 ducats. I spoke of the time I had lost by his fault, and I told him I should look to him to be reimbursed the 100 ducats promised and the other expenses I had been drawn into. Upon this he gave me a roundabout answer, which betrayed his embarrassment, and by which he sought, I know not how, to get out of the affair; and at last he left me, using these shameful words, "That if I would bring out the child's opera, he would have it hissed." Coltellini heard all this.

And that would be the reward my son would obtain for the enormous trouble he has had to write an opera which has five hundred and fifty-eight pages in the original! Such would be the wages of time lost, of expenses made! And what would become of that which I have most at heart—the honor, the reputation of my child, since for the future I could no longer ask that they should perform his opera after they have declared to me positively that they will give themselves the greatest trouble to execute it in as miserable a manner as possible? Sometimes they tell me they cannot sing the compositions of my son because they are not dramatic enough, that they do not adapt themselves to the text—sometimes that a child is not capable of writing that style of music. All these contradictory absurdities would vanish like smoke, to the shame of the detractors of my son, if they examined attentively his musical capacity—that which, for his honor, I ask unceasingly and humbly—and which will prove that these unworthy machinations had simply for object the oppressing and rendering miserable in the eyes of his country an innocent creature to whom God has given an extraordinary talent that has everywhere else been admired and encouraged.

No. 38.

The Same to the Same.

Vienna, December 14, 1768.

At last we have brought our affairs to a conclusion. The mass which Wolfgang had executed, and which he himself had directed on the 7th December, in presence of the whole court, in the new church of the Orphan Institution of Father Parhammer, has mended the mischief his enemies had done, by preventing him from getting his opera played, and has convinced the court and the public, who flocked in crowds to hear it, of the wickedness of our opponents.

No. 39.

The Same to the Same.

Verona, 7th January, 1770.\*

The president of the club of Roveredo received us in the most friendly manner. We met at his house

\* On his return to Salzburg, Mozart remained there during the whole of 1769, assiduously studying his art and the Italian language. In December, 1769, he went to Italy with his father, leaving his sister and mother behind at Salzburg.



This page of musical notation for Don Giovanni, page 55, features eight systems of music. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, trills (tr), and dynamic markings (f, p, mf, sf). The key signature is one sharp (F#).

The first system begins with a forte (f) dynamic in the treble staff. The second system features a trill (tr) in the treble staff. The third system includes a forte (f) dynamic in the bass staff. The fourth system features a trill (tr) in the treble staff. The fifth system includes a trill (tr) in the bass staff. The sixth system features a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic in the bass staff. The seventh system includes a trill (tr) in the treble staff. The eighth system features a trill (tr) in the treble staff.

First system of piano accompaniment. The music is in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a trill (tr) on the first measure. The left hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *sf* (sforzando), and *p* (piano).

No. 22.  
Aria.  
*Il mio  
tessoro.*

Second system of piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked *Andante*. The right hand has a melodic line with a trill (tr) on the first measure. The left hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

Third system of piano accompaniment. The music continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). A trill (tr) is marked on the right hand in the fifth measure.

Fourth system of piano accompaniment. The music continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

Fifth system of piano accompaniment. The music continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

This musical score page for Don Giovanni, page 57, contains eight systems of piano accompaniment. The music is written in G minor (three flats) and 2/4 time. The notation includes a variety of dynamic markings: *cres.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *f p* (fortissimo then piano). Trills are indicated by the abbreviation *tr.* above certain notes. The piano part features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often in beamed pairs, and includes several passages of rapid sixteenth-note runs. The right hand of the piano part is more melodic, with some trills and longer note values. The overall texture is dense and rhythmic, characteristic of Mozart's piano accompaniment for this opera.

## Don Giovanni.

First system of music for Don Giovanni, measures 1-10. It consists of a piano introduction in G minor, 3/4 time. The melody features a trill in measure 9. Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f).

*Allegro moderato.***No. 23.****Duetto.***Per queste  
tue manin.*

Second system of music, measures 11-20. It continues the piano introduction. The melody is marked with forte (f) and piano (p). The bass line features a trill in measure 19. Dynamics include piano (p), forte (f), and crescendo (cres.).



Count Septimo Lodron, and several other noblemen, who had invited us hither. Soon after, a concert was given by the nobility, at the mansion of the Baron Todescy. I need not say what honors Wolfgang drew upon himself. The following day we went to the organ of the principal church, and, although not more than seven or eight persons had been informed of our intention, we found all Roveredo assembled in the church, and we had to be marshalled on our way to the choir by several lusty rogues to clear a passage, and it took us a quarter of an hour to get to the organ, as every one wanted to be quite close to the instrument.

It was not till seven days after our arrival at Verona that the nobility were able to give a concert, as there is a performance every night at the opera. The noblemen to whom we were recommended were the Marquis Carlotti, Count Carlo Emily, Marquis Spordel Giardino, Marquis Dominico San Fermo, Count Giusti del Giardino, and Count Allegri. We were invited to Carlotti's and M. Locatelli's during the whole of our stay. We dined twice with Carlotti, once with Emily, twice with Giusti, &c. To-day there has been an excessive stir. The Receiver-General of Venice, M. Luggiati, had begged our friends to persuade me to allow a portrait of Wolfgang to be taken. It was commenced yesterday morning, and to-day, after church, Wolfgang was to sit again. M. Luggiati entreated M. Ragazzoni, with whom we are engaged to dine, to give up his claim on us, that the portrait might be finished. He consented, because M. Luggiati carries things with a high hand in Venice. But now has stepped in a mightier one still—namely, the Bishop of Verona, one of the family of Giustitiani, who insists on having us not only at church, but at his table. It being represented that we were on the eve of departure, he will permit us to dine with Luggiati, but keeps us at his house till one o'clock. At last, the portrait is finished, and at three we sit down to table. Later, we go to the church of San Tomaso, where Wolfgang played on two organs; and although we had only made up our minds to do so while at dinner, and that Carlotti and Count Pedemonte alone had been apprised thereof by note, there was such a crowd assembled when we reached the church, that it was all we could do to alight from our coach. The pressure was so great that we were obliged to pass through the cloister, where in a twinkling such a mass of people immediately rushed that we could not have advanced a step had not the fathers who were awaiting us at the door of the convent placed us in their midst. At the conclusion of the performance the tumult became more violent still, for every one wanted to see the little organist. To-morrow we are going with Locatelli to visit the Amphitheatre and the other curiosities of Verona.

No. 40.

Wolfgang Mozart to his Sister. †

Verona, 7 Gennaio, 1770.

Beloved sister! If I am to measure the letter I am to receive from you by the length of time I have been waiting for it, it will be of formidable dimensions.

After this preamble in the German style, listen now to my Italian: "Lei e piu franca nella lingua italiana di quel che mi he imaginato. Lei mi dica la cagione perchè. Lei non fa nella commedia che annojiato i Cavalieri. Adesso sentiamo sempre una opera titolata; *Il Ruggiero*. Orante, il padre di Bradamante, è un principi (fai il Signr. Afferi), bravo cantante, on haritone, ma" strained when he squeals with his head voice, not so much though as Tibaldi at Vienna. "Bradamante innamorata di Ruggieri" (ma she is to marry Leone, against her will) "fa un povera baronessa, che ho avuto una gran disgrazia, ma non so la quale recita" under a foreign name which I do not know; "ha una voce passabile ed a statura non sarebbe male, ma distuona come il diavolo Ruggiero, un ricco principe innamorato di Bradamante, i un musico; canta un poco Manzuolishly\* et a una bellissima voce forte ed è gio vecchio, ha 55 anni ed a una" supple throat. Leone is to marry Bradamante, "ricchissimo è," is he the same off the stage? that I cannot say. "La moglie dei Afferi, che ha una bellissima voce, ma è tanto sussuro nel teatro che non si sente niente. Treme fa una sorella di solli del gran violinista che habbiamo sentito a Vienna, a una voce," rugged, "a canta sempre" a quarter of a tone too high "o troppo a buon' ora, Ganno fa un signore che non so come si chiama: è la prima volta che lui recita." Between each act there is a ballet. There is a fine fellow of a dancer whose name is Monsieur Rössler. He is a German

† Wolfgang's age at this time was 13.

\* Manzuoli, a celebrated singer of the old Italian school, born at Florence about 1710. Mozart makes an adverb of his name.

and dances in slashing style. At one of our visits lately to the Opera, we had Monsieur Rössler up into our *palcò* (for we have the keys of Monsieur Carlotti's private box), and we talked with him. *A propos* everything is in *maschera* now: the best of the matter is, that when you have a mask you have the privilege of not taking off your hat. I am saluted without my name being mentioned, only saying *Servitore umilissimo*, Signora Maschera, I answer, *Cospetto di bacco*: it's famous fun. The most uncommon thing is that we go to bed at half-past seven. *Le Lei* indovinasse questo, io dirò che certamente. *Lei sia la madre di tutti gli indovini*. Kiss mamma's hand for me. As for thee I send thee a thousand kisses, and assure thee I shall ever remain

Thy sincere brother.

Portez-vous bien et aimez-moi toujours.

(To be continued.)

### Note on Weber's Euryanthe.

Dwight's Journal of July 23, contains an article from the London *Athenæum* (of some previous epoch) on Scudo, in which the following passage is to be read:

"It would be hard to exceed in shallowness his criticisms on 'Euryanthe,' since he does not even know that Helmine von Chezy derived her story from Shakspeare's Cymbeline."

It is very curious that Helmine von Chezy never knew this herself, but lived and died (a year or two since) in the firm conviction that she drew her story from a manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris, which she herself translated for Friedrich Schlegel's '*Sammlung Romantische Dichtungen*' in 1804. In 1823, she printed it separately at Berlin with a quite interesting preface, under the title: "*Histoire de Gerard de Nevers et de la belle et vertueuse Euryanthe sa mie*." I am not sure that this is the exact title, my copy of the book being at this writing divers hundred miles away.

Chezy, the husband, was an Orientalist, and while he, during the French Consulate, wrought on Arabic, and Turkish works in the Paris Library, Chezy the wife devoted herself to old French romantic literature.

A. W. T.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

Sept. 3.—The *Courier de Paris* announces, that Mlle. Taglioni had departed for Switzerland, with the intention of passing some days with her charming daughter, in her magnificent villa, on the banks of the Lake of Como. The celebrated *danseuse* will return to Paris early in September, to finish the ballet she is composing for Mlle. Emma Livry, her worthy pupil. The new creation, it is affirmed, is anxiously awaited at the Grand-Opéra, reports the most favorable having already gone forth as to the interesting nature of the subject, together with the magnificent scenery, splendid decorations, and dresses involved in its production. The name has not transpired. M. Flotow is busy writing music to a new book supplied him by M. Gustave Oppelt, the *collaborateur* of his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg. This work, we hear, is destined for the Grand-Opéra or the Opéra-Comique. *Indra*, too, we understand, will be produced during the winter at one of the principal lyric theatres of Paris. If the correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* is to be credited, the emperor has already come to a decision on the plans proposed to him for the reconstruction of the Grand-Opéra. The site chosen is upon the Boulevards, and the place the top of the new street, the Rue de Rouen. The works will be commenced forthwith, and the building will be completed in two years. The departure from Paris of the Prince Poniatsowski will not delay, as was at first supposed, the rehearsals of the new opera, *Pierre de Medicis*, which will commence the day after the first representation of *Romeo et Juliette*. Madame Charton Demeur is about to leave Paris for St. Petersburg, where she is engaged for the Italian Opera, and will make her first appearance in Dinorah in the *Pardon de Ploërmel*. M. Bonnehée has made his *rentrée* at the Grand-Opéra in the *Trouvère*, as the Count di Luna.

Sept. 10.—(From our own Correspondent).—Guillaume Tell, Robert le Diable, Le Prophète, Les Huguenots, La Favorite, La Juive, these are the musical

bells upon which the administration of the Grand-Opéra has rung the changes throughout the whole summer months, the only variety in the performances consisting in an occasional change of the *prima donna*, tenor, or barytone, with one or two *debutts*, favorable or unfavorable, as it may be. The public was beginning to be moved at last by the prospects of a change. Bellini's *Romeo et Juliette* (*I Capuletti e Montecchi*) was announced, with Madame Vestvali in the character of the hero. The lady was taken ill, some will have it frightened, and the opera, after being rehearsed multitudinous times, was postponed from day to day, much to the disappointment of the curious, the chagrin of the *habitués*, and the interests of the government.

The Théâtre Impérial Italien has just published its programme for the approaching season, which commences on the first of October. The complete list of artists engaged is as follows: *Prime donne soprani*, Mesdames Bottini and Penco; *prima donna mezzosoprano*, Madame Borghi-Mamo; *prime donne contralti*, Madames Alboni and Acs; *prime donne comprimaries*, Mlles. Cambardi and Lustani; *primi tenori*, Signors Gardoni, Lucchesi, Morini, and Tamberlik; *primi baritoni*, Signors Badiali, Graziani, and Merly; *primi bassi*, Signors Angelini and Patriossi; *primo buffo*, Sig. Zucchini. Also among the *non "primes"* and "*primis*" may be found Mlle. Emilia Nardi, Signors Cazaboni, and Soldi. Signor Bonetti will be the conductor; Signor Uranio Fontana, *chef de chant*; and chorus master, Signor Chiaromonte. Twenty-six operas are promised, among which I may specify, as novelties or revivals, Bellini's *Capuletti e Montecchi*, Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, *Polauto*, *Furioso*, and *Regina di Golconda*; Meyerbeer's *Il Crociato in Egitto*; Mozart's *Flauto Magico*; Pacini's *Saffo*; and Rossini's *Un Curioso Accidente*.

M. Roger is on the high road to convalescence, and his medical attendants have permitted him to leave the house. It is confidently asserted that he will shortly be enabled to appear on the stage. Already the most tempting offers have been made to the celebrated tenor by sundry Parisian managers, and no doubt the public will soon have an opportunity of hearing their favorite.

The Théâtre Lyrique reopened on the first instant with the *repris* of the *Enlèvement au Sérail* and *Ahoun Hassan*. Madame Ugalde has reappeared in the character of Blondine, which she sang with as much spirit as ever, and seemed to excite new interest by the laurels she had brought with her from Spain. M. Gounod's *Faust* was produced on Tuesday for the *rentrée* of Madame Miolan-Carvalho and the *début* or M. Gardi.—*Lon. Mus. World*.

### Germany.

VIENNA.—Mlle. Czillag performed, for the first time this season, the character of Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, at the Court Theatre, with brilliant success.

COBURG.—By order of his Royal Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe Cobourg, the season will open with the *Méunier de Méran*, the new opera of M. Flotow, which has obtained so favorable a reception at Hombourg. The French translation has been confided by M. Flotow to M. Gustave Oppelt, the author of the translation of *Stradella*.

WURZBURG.—Spohr lately honored with his presence a grand solemnity, which was given here by the members of the Royal Institute of Music, when his celebrated oratorio, *The Last Things*, was performed. After the concert, a laurel crown was presented to the glorious veteran, in the midst of the most enthusiastic applause from the entire audience.

BADEN-BADEN.—The Annual Festival in Baden, under the direction of Berlioz, went off this year with the most brilliant success, the chief orchestral works being Berlioz's symphony, *Romeo and Juliet*, two pieces (duos) of his nearly finished opera, *Les Troyens*, MS., and the overture to *Dinorah*. Madame Viardot and Jules Lefort being the vocal performers; Mr. Wuille (clarinet), Ritter (piano-forte), and Herr Engel (harmonium), the instrumentalists.

Berlioz's symphony, performed for the third time in Baden, with the most splendid *ensemble*, produced an immense effect, the composer himself leading, and being enthusiastically received and applauded by the public. The words and music of the *Troyens*, written by Berlioz himself, treat the subject of the conquest of Troy by the Greeks, the famous horse being drawn in the walls, and Cassandra, the unfortunate and never-listened-to prophet, being the chief actor. As far as rhythmus and sonority in orchestral effects go, this specimen of Berlioz's new opera shows quite a new world, originality being combined with great

musical science. Madame Viardot sang her part with that true artistic inspiration that distinguishes her performances, and for moments gives her more power over her listeners than any other singer with even a finer voice. She was well seconded by Jules Lefort, who had undertaken to sing a rather high part (being written for a tenor), but got through it to the entire satisfaction both of the composer and public.

### Italy.

NAPLES.—During the past season, a young and very handsome *cantatrice*, Mlle. Belmont, has been singing the rôle of Rosina, in the *Barbiere*, with great success.

Rossini's *Semiramide* has been produced at the San Carlo, for the first time since 1842. The feebleness of the orchestra necessitated certain curtailments in the score, and the consequence was that the great work of the great *maestro* was a great disgrace to a great musical city.—*Lon. Mus. World*.

### England.

GLoucester Musical Festival.—The full programme of the 137th meeting of the choir is in no way remarkable, or in any respect different to those which have preceded it for so many years. As, however, no one expects novelty to be produced at either Gloucester, Worcester, or Hereford, so none can be disappointed at the unvarying Dettingen, the unchangeable Tallis, or the immutable Jones in D. Neither can surprise be experienced that the *Elijah* should have been repeated regularly each year since '47, and the *Messiah* since—well—since—we can't say when. The selection on the miscellaneous day is not characterized by the best taste in the arrangement,—commencing as it does with excerpts from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, followed by a portion of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and concluding with Spohr's *Last Judgment*. The only variation in the schemes of the evening concerts is the production of Dr. Sterndale Bennett's cantata, *The May Queen*, on the Wednesday, and at each of the others, devoting the first part to one composer, Tuesday being appropriated to a selection from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and Thursday to a selection from Rossini's operas. One symphony only is given—Beethoven in D; the overtures being *Don Giovanni*, as aforesaid, Hérold's *Zampa*, and Weber's *Oberon*, with one of Rossini's, name unknown at present. In the miscellaneous vocal selection we find the name of Verdi half a dozen times, Mendelssohn twice, H. Smart twice, Weber the same number, the remaining signatures being Dugan, Leslie, Flotow, Ganz, Haydn (we take them in the order in which they appear), Benedict, Donizetti, F. Berger, Ricci, Bellini, Balfe, Mercadante, and Hatton, who each give a taste of their quality. The principal vocalists engaged are Mesdames Clara Novello, Dolby, Clara Hepworth, and Lascelles, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Thomas, and Signor Belletti, Mlle. Tijens, Signors Giuglini, Violetti, and Badiali being specially retained for the evening concerts. The orchestra numbers 70 performers, instrumentalists, and some 230 vocalists, altogether amounting to 300, a number quite sufficient to render justice to the music and fill with their sound the Cathedral or Shire Hall. At the head of the violins stand Messrs. Blagrove and Sainton, who respectively do duty as leaders morning and evening. Mr. R. Blagrove is principal tenor, Mr. Lucas commanding the violoncellos, and Mr. Howell the double basses. The wind instruments include Messrs. Pratten, Nicholson, Williams, Lazarus, C. and T. Harper, Cioffi, &c., Mr. Trust presiding at the harp, and Mr. Chipp, as usual, ruling (or rolling) the drums. Mr. Amott conducts, Mr. Townshend Smith officiates at the organ, giving a voluntary the first morning, and Mr. Done, at the piano-forte, as accompanists for the evening concerts. Miss Summerhayes (a name new to Londoners) is engaged as solo pianist, being announced for Beethoven's choral fantasia and a solo. The tickets are selling rapidly, and we have no doubt that the festival will be well supported, and in no degree less successful pecuniarily than those of 1853 and 1856, when it will be remembered that a surplus was declared, a piece of good fortune of which Gloucester alone seems to possess the monopoly among the Choirs.—*Mus. World*, Sept. 3.

GLASGOW FESTIVAL.—The note of interrogation put forward a fortnight since has brought a precise answer in regard to the Glasgow Festival for 1860—one, too, which is as satisfactory as precise. The managers of that musical festivity (to be held in aid of the town charities) have set about their arrangements originally and wisely. First, their meeting is to take place at the time of the year most convenient to themselves—in February. Secondly, as a pro-

gramme before us distinctly states, Glasgow is too busy in the morning to attend morning performances—hence, the four concerts are to be held on four consecutive evenings. Thirdly, besides such "sure cards" as "Elijah" and the "Messiah," and such a treat "ad captandum" as a miscellaneous concert, the Committee feels itself strong enough to bring forward a new oratorio. "Gideon" (concerning which a question was asked) proves to be a work written for the occasion by Mr. C. E. Horsley. All these provisions are wise, sound, and liberal; especially the last one, as affording a chance to a native composer. It is for Mr. Horsley to make his place good; and this we believe, he may, if he will, do. A double quartet of solo singers is to be engaged; also orchestral players, to eke out such a band as Scotland can muster. The conductor is not named. The following statement concerning the chorus must be satisfactory to every one who is desirous that music shall take root and spread in our provincial towns: "The Glasgow Choral Union was instituted in 1843. \* \* \* Previous to the formation of the Society, the Oratorio and works of similar character were almost entirely unknown in the West of Scotland; but since that period the Association has produced, in many instances repeatedly, the Oratorios of 'The Messiah,' 'Israel in Egypt,' 'Samson,' 'Judas Maccabæus,' 'The Creation,' and 'Elijah,' besides 'The Dettingen Te Deum,' the 'Lobgesang,' Mendelssohn's 'Antigone,' and other miscellaneous works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Horsley, &c. On every ground this Glasgow Festival is well worthy of being looked for, and listened to.—*Athenæum*."

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 1, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Opera of *Don Giovanni*, continued.

### Richard Wagner.

As there has been so much reference lately in American journals to the "Music of the Future" question, and as we hear all kinds of new composers indiscriminately named together in that category, whether they have or have not any affinity with the man whom Liszt and others long since hailed as the Messiah of the supposed new era, we think that some account of that man, and of his peculiar views and aims, will help to clear up some confusion. We begin with essentially repeating, what we gave some half a dozen years ago (too early for the interest since excited in him), a brief sketch of his life.

RICHARD WAGNER was born at Leipsic on the 10th of May, 1813. He thinks it a good fortune that he lost his father in his earliest years: for after relating the story of a king who drove from his palace a certain young fairy, who wanted to endow his new-born son with a spirit of discontent with the actual and of passionate pursuit of the new, he says that this same fairy comes to us all at our birth, and that we might all become geniuses, if she were not repulsed from us by what is called education. "Without let or hindrance," he adds, "after the death of my father, the fairy glided in to my cradle and bestowed on me the gift that never left me, and which, in complete independence, has made me always my own teacher, directing me in life and art. Behold, in that consists all genius."

But the boy was not isolated from all influences. He had family relations near him, a mother, a sister, a brother, all connected somehow with the theatre, who made him frequent the side scenes; and there he imbibed a dramatic taste. He played little plays, in his own chamber, however, and alone: he invented his own subjects and took no pleasure in the hacknied drama which he saw. He was sent to a gymnasium, ("neg-

lected as his education was,") where he acquired a knowledge of antiquity and a taste for poetry and music, and he even tried his hand at painting, until the painter, who had received him into his house, died.

"I was writing dramas," says Wagner, "when at the age of fifteen I became acquainted with Beethoven's symphonies; these decided my exclusive passion for the study of music, which had acted powerfully upon my organization ever since I heard the *Freyschütz* of Weber. Still, my studies in this art never turned me from my propensity to imitate the poets; only, this propensity submitted itself to the musical impulse, and I cultivated poetry only from the musical point of view. Thus I remember, in my exaltation about the 'Pastoral Symphony,' I composed a *comédie champêtre*, borrowing the subject from Goethe's 'Lovers' Humors.' I made no poetical sketch; I wrote the verses and the music at once, and let the dramatic situations and their musical expression arise conjointly."

In the beginning of his eighteenth year he was deeply excited by the revolution of 1830, and the unhappy fate of Poland. Too young to be an actor in those events, his emotion sought vent in the writing of a great deal of instrumental music, particularly sonatas, overtures and one symphony, which was performed at a subscription concert in 1833. Wagner did not hear it, because poor health had obliged him to leave Leipsic and seek a milder climate at Würzburg, near his brother, professor of singing and father of the famous *prima donna*, Johanna Wagner.

After a year of repose, he became director of music in the theatre at Magdeburg. So far, as he says himself, he had been but an imitator of the style of renowned composers. The *Oberon* of Weber, and the *Vampyre* of Marschner, then in vogue at Leipsic, suggested to him the text of an opera, entitled "The Fairies," which he drew from one of Gozzi's novels. He set it at once to music, a mere echo of his impressions of Beethoven, Weber, and Marschner. About this time, passions of another and more private nature got possession of him and modified his ideas. He wrote another opera, "The Novice of Palermo," which was represented on the Magdeburg stage on the 29th of March, 1836, and failed. His chagrin led him to resign his place. In 1837 we find him at Königsberg as conductor of the theatre orchestra; but, for reasons not known, he remained there only a few months. It appears that he married in this period, as he says, too lightly.

He was afterwards engaged as musical director in the theatre at Riga, and there commenced a comic opera on a subject taken from the "Thousand and One Nights," which his disgust at the life of the theatre and his position soon led him to abandon. He resolved to go to Paris, and wrote the two first acts of his *Rienzi*. Driven by despair, "he broke (as he says) the relations which had existed till that moment," and was en route for Paris without sufficient means for such a journey. The vessel in which he embarked was wrecked upon the coast of Norway; but finally he reached the shores of France and in a few days entered Paris, possessing nothing but the sketch of an opera and the hope of better times. "I trusted in the universal language of music to fill the gulf which my unmistakable instinct told me existed between me and Parisian life."

His first care was to look out for immediate aid. M. Maurice Schlesinger, music-publisher and proprietor of the *Gazette Musicale*, gave him employment enough to satisfy his more pressing wants, placed him in relation with artists and literary men, and even tried to direct him by his counsels. He made him compose romances to French



words, so that his name might penetrate the saloons: but the unusual forms of his melodies went against the ears and larynxes of those who tried to sing them. Schlesinger procured him a commission to write an overture for the *Société des Concerts*, and he chose Goethe's *Faust* for a subject, designing to make it the first movement of a grand symphony; but such an enigma did it prove upon rehearsal, that a public performance of it was put out of the question. An opera, in the mixed style, called *La Défense de l'Amour*, met with no more success.

These failures in a small sphere did not disturb a mind so organized as Wagner's; they only made him greater in his own eyes. He looked up to a higher order of success; he yielded to the counsels of his friends, to encourage their good will; but he would be content with nothing short of the Grand Opera, with all its means of musical and scenic effect; the persuasion that this was his true place was what had drawn him to Paris. What he saw at the Académie Royale had surpassed all his imaginings and lent new energy to his desire to exhibit his power in a serious work upon that vast stage. His brain whirled with the excitement of the music in the first opera he heard there; yet before long he felt a hope, nay a certainty of bearing off the palm from all rivals as soon as a work of his own should be brought out. To support himself in the meanwhile, the author of *Tannhäuser* was obliged to arrange vau-deville music for a theatre on the Boulevards, which however did not pay, because it did not answer the purpose. There remained but one resource for Wagner, offered him by Schlesinger: the arrangement of new operas for the violin and cornet-à-piston. Such drudgery made him grit his teeth, and Schlesinger proposed to him to write fantastic pieces for his musical journal, which were translated by another out of the German into French. Here he succeeded better. Two novels from his pen were remarkable for interest of subject and originality of form. The first is a young composer's pilgrimage to Vienna, to see Beethoven; the other the death by starvation of a young musician seeking recognition in Paris. The first embodied his sentiments, the second his personal experience.

Two years of fruitless efforts in Paris convinced Wagner that that was no place for his ideas and tastes. One thought now occupied him: which was to return to Germany and procure a representation in a grand theatre of his *Rienzi*, now completed, and which seemed to him the complete realization of the idea he had pursued from early youth. He had also finished the poem of his *Hollandais volant* (Flying Dutchman), and was negotiating with his country for the admission of these works in some capital. His evil fortunes were suddenly at an end. He received letters from Dresden and Berlin, informing him of the acceptance of *Rienzi* at the theatre of one of those cities, and of the "Flying Dutchman" at the other. A commission to arrange an opera of Halévy for the piano, and the sale of his *Hollandais* libretto, to be used by another composer under another name, gave him the means for this journey, and he left Paris in the beginning of 1842, after three years of torture there, with a new era opening before him.

On the way from Paris, Wagner's mind was pre-occupied with a new work, in which, developing his tendencies more fully, he proposed to break definitively with the existing forms of the musical drama and place the art under new conditions. The subject of this work lay in the old legend and chanson of *Tannhäuser*. "This Tannhäuser," says M. Fétis, "was of a noble family of Franconia, one of those German troubadours who flourished in the 12th and 13th centuries under the name of *Minnesingers*, or singers of love. Tannhäuser was a good knight, according to the old popular German ballad:

"Der Tannhäuser war ein Ritter gut.

"He cultivated poetry and music with equal success, and was a worthy rival of Wolfram von Eschenbach, Walter von der Vogelweide, Rodolph of Rotenburg, Ulrich of Liechtenstein, in a word, of the most celebrated, judging by the sixteen songs and ballads that have reached us un-

der his name. In 1207, Tannhäuser, or Thanhäuser, or finally Tanhäuser, received, like all the minstrel poets of Germany, an invitation from the landgrave of Thuringia, to take part in the famous poetical tournament held by the prince at his castle of Wartburg, near Eisenach. Here begins the plot of Wagner's opera. It seems that the good knight had found on his way one of those rare manuscripts of which we have an instance in the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid, and that he was seized with a veritable passion for the allegories of paganism, especially for the gallantries of Venus. He chose this theme for his improvisation, and sang with enthusiasm of the delights of a mysterious place, called the *Venusberg*. A cry of indignation escaped all lips when they heard him eulogizing sensual love, instead of that pure, platonic love which fired most of the Minnesingers for the beauties that existed in their imagination. Declared unworthy of the prize, Tannhäuser went off with a bleeding heart. He was seized with remorse and went to Rome to confess his sins and seek for absolution; but this was refused. Desperate and furious, hoping no joy but in that that had caused his ruin, the poet dedicated himself anew to the worship of the false divinity that had led him astray. He died impenitent and fell into the power of the evil one. Such is the legend handed down from age to age, and still repeated evenings, by the peaceable people of Thuringia."

On his way to Dresden, to bring out his *Rienzi*, Wagner followed the valley of Thuringia, and passed near the castle of Wartburg, the sight of which inspired his project with new force. From that moment he was elaborating the subject of *Tannhäuser*, and caressing his imagination with the hope of fine success. And there we leave him for the present.

#### Musical Chit-Chat.

Our musical season opens early with a flourish of the operatic trumpets, which, no doubt, will prove stimulating. On Monday evening *Poliuto*, with CORTESI; Tuesday evening, *Sonnambula*, with Mme. GASSIER. . . . We regret to learn that Mr. JAMES C. D. PARKER, who has filled the place of organist and pianist to the Handel and Haydn Society, so creditably for several years, has felt it necessary to decline a re-election, moved thereto by the pressure of manifold professional duties. A young gentleman of much ability, Mr. B. J. LANG, has been elected his successor. The Society will soon commence their winter's work; we hear that it is proposed to take up "Samson;" they could do worse. . . . Signor BENDELARI has returned from Italy, and is ready to meet his numerous pupils in singing. . . . Mme. BISCACCANTI sailed a few days since from New York for San Francisco.

Here is an honest word on the favorable side of the "Old Folks" business. It is from a private letter of a gentleman of taste and candor, dated Erie, Pa., Sept. 20. We fear, however, our friend found himself in a corner of the musical world, where one must be thankful for the smallest favors.

"Passing through the entry of the hotel were several people dressed in "Old folks" costume, who proved to be some of our best Boston singers on a concert-giving tour; so, as I had never heard anything of the sort, I was tempted to go.

"There were Miss Twichell and Mr. Adams, and about a dozen other clear and pure voices, with Hall's band, all in excellent drill, and I enjoyed an hour very much. I think such concerts must do good, for the music is very simple and fresh in its character. Like Haydn's music, it makes you smile from its childlike simplicity. Everybody going away from such a concert must feel more innocent and natural. I suppose some interest attaches to the odd dresses, and much doubtless to the accurate, crisp time, which is always pleasing whether to cultivated or uncultivated ears; but I think ultimately such concerts must tend to draw people to true music; there is no Italian flageolet work about them; the harmonies are rich and grand, and the melodies straightforward and unartificial."

We find the following abstract of the plot of the opera in which Mrs. CORTESI is to make her debut at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening. It will be new here as an opera, although the music was repeatedly performed throughout one winter by our Handel and Haydn Society, in Oratorio form.

"Il Poliuto," or, as it is generally called in Europe, "I Martiri," ("The Martyrs,") is one of the last works of the gifted composer of "Lucrezia Borgia," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "La Favorita." It is a grand lyrical tragedy in three acts. The scene is at Mitylene, the period that of the third century after Christ, when the early Christians were suffering at the hands of the Roman emperors and their satellites the most terrible persecution, which they bore with divine heroism, inspired and sustained by the faith that was in them. The libretto of "The Martyrs," by Scribe, illustrates the faith, fortitude and constancy of Paulina, a Roman lady, who suffered death rather than deny the faith. The scene opens in a secret vault, where the Christians have been holding religious service. Polyutus, a Roman youth, who has just become a Christian, is among the worshippers. He describes his affection for his wife Paulina, who is not yet converted, and who, in the next scene, joins in votive offerings to the heathen goddess, Proserpina. Discovered by her husband, Paulina finds that he follows the new rites, and such is his enthusiasm that she can hardly restrain him from proclaiming that he is a Christian, in the face of instant death.

In the second act, Felix, Governor of Armenia, father of Paulina, acquaints her with the fact that he has received the commands of the Emperor to put all the Christians to death. Then there arrives Severus, a new pro-consul and a former lover of Paulina, who, it was supposed, had fallen in battle. He is charged with the duty of suppressing the Christians. Severus still loves Paulina, and finding her the wife of another, betrays the greatest anguish, which she shares, but remains constant to her marriage vows. In the next act Neareus, a friend of Polyutus, and a Christian, having proclaimed himself a Christian, is carried in chains to the Temple of Jupiter and placed before Severus and threatened with the torture unless he declares the names of his Christian friends. He refuses, and is about to be put to death, when Polyutus appears and proclaims himself a follower of the new dispensation. Polyutus pulls down the idols and tramples upon them. At the end of the act Polyutus and Neareus are condemned to death.

In the last act we find Severus magnanimously endeavoring to save Polyutus, whose death Felix has resolved upon, but who will be pardoned if he recants. Paulina bears this news to her husband in prison. He refuses to return to heathenism, and she, touched by his devotion to his religion in the face of death, is herself inspired with holy fervor, and becomes likewise a Christian. The concluding scene is in the Amphitheatre, where the Christians, at the demand of the populace, are to be thrown to the wild beasts. Polyutus and Paulina are among the victims, and Severus is unable to save them from the brutal soldiery. The curtain falls as the Christians, with Paulina as the central figure, await, with ecstatic expectancy, the crown of martyrdom.

Mr. Ullman has been good to us hitherto on the score of Mozart, having given us *Don Juan* every season, and the *Nozze di Figaro* of late. We would suggest to him an opportunity of taking from the shelf another score of Mozart, wholly new in these parts, namely: *L'Enlèvement au Sérail*, or "Belmont and Constanza," and of engaging for those characters the parties below mentioned, who have rehearsed the plot in real life. Read:

Letters from Geneva, Switzerland, announce the arrival in that city of one of the favorite Sultanas of Abdul Medjid, and a musician, with whom she eloped. The Sultana has the odd name of Sarsafas. She is a young and beautiful Circassian, who lately was in the harem of the Sultan. She was much prized, and was covered with presents. As she had a charming voice, she took singing lessons from a director of the music of the palace, an Italian named Guatelli. One day, when out driving, she entered a house leading to the Bosphorus and disappeared with the musician, not forgetting the diamonds and other riches which she possessed through the munificence of Abdul Medjid. He was sorely cut by her ingratitude. Perhaps she, whom he called the pearl of his seraglio, will appear sometime upon the boards of the French or Italian opera.

Of Mme. CORTESI's talent, as exhibited in the eternal *Troatore*, the *Albion* (New York) speaks as follows:

The interest of the performance centred of course, upon the lady, a redoubtable exponent of the school which Verdi originated; the school of emphasis and polyphonic (?) declamation. We have had a plentiful variety of Leonora's, beginning with Steffanone, the best, and ending with —, the worst. (The reader can exercise his pet aversion, by filling in the name of the prima donna whose favor he has sacrificed). Mad. Cortesi brings to the rôle a voice still



demonstrative in point of quantity, and moderately impressive as regards quality. Gazzaniga, who was superb in this part, could not compare in these respects with her successor; but here we think the advantage ceases. Passion, when interpreted by an Italian, is always more or less tumultuous. It was Gazzaniga's good fortune not to overstep the line of discretion. There was, and is, something in her appearance and bearing peculiarly soft and womanly. In her sternest moment, therefore, we had a sort of compensation for the combined exaggeration of composer and librettist—sufficiently pronounced in this—as in every other work of Signor Verdi. With Madame Cortesi it is different; there is a stern Roman preciseness about her which constantly suggests duty—and frequently hard, sacrificial, duty. This may arise from an overstrained effort to obtain a correct conception of the part, but it suggests a lack of ideality, of the power to elevate. Hence the lady's impersonations are hard, despite her visible effort to mollify them by musical fire. The rôle of *Leonora* is so fragmentary and unconnected, that the defects of Madame Cortesi's style are, if anything, advantageous to it. We were not surprised, therefore, that the lady obtained a very decided success. Beyond a doubt she deserved it too, for zeal honestly displayed, even if a little rampant, is a commendable thing. Moreover, there were moments of great dramatic energy, when the critic could but admire and wonder; especially was this the case in the last act—an act consecrated to the efforts of all who possess real genius.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 27, 1859.—The opera dragged woefully during the past week. The weather was detestable, and the houses not good, although the noble army of "dead heads" turned out in gallant array. The operas last week were *Polinto*, *Trovatore* and *Traviata*, with CORTESI; and *Puritani*, and *Lucie*, with GASSIER. Cortesi is great in her dramatic intensity, but she does not wear well. She should be a lyric meteor, to flash through an operatic stay for a few short nights only, and amaze and delight us. But as a permanent prima donna she does not do as well as less brilliant performers. Last night (Monday) they repeated *Trovatore*, which is beginning to fall into the sere and yellow leaf. Cortesi produces some very thrilling effects in the *Miserere* scene.

The Vanderbilt, that arrived on Monday, brought a large importation of opera folks, including STRAKOSCH; the prime donne, SPERANZA and CRESCIMANO; contralto, CRUVELLI, a sister of Sophie Cruvelly, who married the French Baron, Vigier; FERRI, an immensely be-puffed and exceedingly handsome baritone; TESTA, a mild tenor, and STIGELLI, a tenor who is engaged to "do" Meyerbeer. Strakosch has also engaged the tenor BEAUCARDE, who will make a sensation here. He resembles Mirate in style and appearance, more than any other tenor we have had. GAZZANIGA and COLSON are also engaged for the next season, while Cortesi and Gassier go with Matczek to Havana.

You know what singularly unattractive women the female chorus singers always are. I feel certain you will receive the information with persistent incredulity, but I nevertheless assure you that we have in our opera chorus here that *rara avis*, a beautiful girl! She has ringlets of the most bewitching "character," and a nose a little tiny bit suggestive of pug, to be sure; but, nevertheless, one of the finest noses of modern times. Her place is on the right hand side of the stage as you look from the auditorium, and, not being accustomed to the footlights, she stands as straight and stiff as a statue. I think that she has no joints in her limbs, for she never moves her arms, not even to make the customary pump-handle gestures. I think if she goes to Boston with the company, you will recognize her and join with me in my admiration. I threw a bouquet at her the other night which fell near her feet without attracting the slightest notice from her, and which was picked up by a lady in red and blue muslin, and corkscrew curls,

who handed it, with an execrating smirk to Cortesi.

Talking about smirks, that Cortesi is great in that line. After the malediction scene of *Norma*, the Christian inspiration of the final duet of *Polinto*, or the agonized wail of the *Miserere*, she will respond to the applause of the audience by low courtesies, and the most capacious and effectually annihilating of smirks. It is a most disagreeable habit, especially for a great lyric artist like Cortesi.

I have a long story to tell you about SCHLOTTER, and his new musical scheme, which must lie over till my next. TROVATOR.

ST. LOUIS, SEPT. 18.—Our regular Opera season—I say *our*, for it seems to be a settled thing from the success attending the season given by Strakosch last winter, that we are to be treated every winter in future to some performances of the kind, good, bad and indifferent—commenced last week. The town has been flooded during the week by a heterogeneous mass of artists, French, Dutch, Italian and North American. In fact, Mlle. PARODI's great troupe—"the most complete, and greatest combination of Artists ever congregated in one troupe"—opened our new Theatre for a season of about two weeks, with the never-failing *Trovatore*.

We have now the finest Opera house west of New York. In fact, it is not exceeded by many in the country even, the Philadelphia, Boston and New York Academies, with Pike's in Cincinnati, being its only rivals either in size or beauty. The house formerly went under the name of "The Varieties;" but from the multifarious uses to which it had been subjected, had lost all caste with the fashionable part of the community, and it was a daring thing for any manager to attempt to resuscitate its previous good name and restore its popularity, which had waned under the regime of masked balls and Dutch beergardens. The present lessee and director, unassisted by wealthy stockholders, took the matter in hand, repainted, frescoed, newly cushioned, put in more chandeliers, provided some new magnificent scenery, &c., and now we can brag—and are not ashamed to talk of "our Opera House."

Signor SBRIGLIA, Signor GNONE, ALAIMO, &c., were names indifferently well known in Boston and New York; and lately so here, except to the few. The prestige of Parodi's name, and the respectability her appearance gave the affair—she always being a great favorite here—drew together a fashionable audience of not less than 2,000 persons. In Sbriglia we were favorably disappointed. Although he sings, especially in Andante movements, terribly flat, yet he has a fine, clear, resonant voice of immense compass, striking C in one instance; and when he gets well aroused, and thoroughly excited and imbued with his part, he vocalizes with a vehemence which would excite the envy of a Brignoli in his happiest efforts. Were it not for his very bad habit, or fault, of invariably setting one's teeth on edge by starting about the sixteenth part of a tone from the pitch, we should place him very high in our scale of excellence. Gnone has to work against the excellent impression left here by the corpulent, jolly Amodio; and we fear that he will not succeed, notwithstanding that the papers all vie in lauding him. He, too, flats, and "improves" his text. He gave us the simple *Il Balen* with variations, which would have killed off Verdi, and made La Grange happy. But we must say we do not think that he improved it at all. In fact, throughout, his interpolations detracted, rather than added to, the music or the merit of his performances. *Norma* and *Lucia* were given on Friday and Saturday evenings to full houses; so that thus far the attempt has been a decided success.—Mr. S. M. Brown is arranging a series of Saturday afternoon concerts, to be commenced soon, in which he will be aided by all the available talent in the city. But more of this anon. PRESTO.

## Special Notices.

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